

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

VOL. 1.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

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Rev. DAVID PICKERING, Editor.

MORAL REFLECTIONS, No. 4.

That religion, or religious truth which has been revealed from heaven to men, through a venerable line of ancient prophets, and more fully opened by the ministry of Christ and his apostles, has been confirmed by the most astonishing displays of divine power, by which miraculous deliverance was wrought, in cases where all human means were entirely unavailing. That the case of Lazarus, who was raised from the silence of death, after he had lain *four days*; the restoration of an *only son* to the warm embrace of an affectionate and widowed mother, when his companions were bearing him to "the house appointed for all the living," and the wonderful interposition of the Redeemer, to snatch from the icy arms of the *king of terrors*, a blooming maid, and check the torrent of heart-felt grief in the house of a ruler of the Jews; are instances which come under the character of the most astonishing miraculous deliverance. The healing of lepers, the restoration of the *withered hand*, the giving of sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, soundness to the lame, and health to the valetudinarian of every description, fall very little below the before mentioned miracles in point of importance.

While we contemplate these wonderful displays of the power of God with reverence and gratitude, we should not view them as *only* designed for the immediate benefit of those who experienced the healing power of Christ, but as having an important bearing upon the whole character of that religion which he taught. They bear an irresistible conviction to the mind that *wasting* and *destruction* form no part of its character, but that it must have originated from a source of pure benevolence.—Nor is this the only characteristic which it possesses. The fact that these miracles, which were wrought for the confirmation of the gospel, and for the display of the divine benevolence, were not confined to any particular community of men, but were bestowed with the same ready and cheerful mind upon the humble cottager and the wealthy inmate of the princely palace, affords a striking evidence that the character of the gospel is *impartial*. Hence the pertinent and all-important fact recorded by the Evangelist; "And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people. And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with diverse diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with

devils, and those which were lunatick, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them." Matt. iv. 23, 24. In all the divine enunciations from heaven concerning the character of this religion, we find it invariably the same. When it dropped in the majesty of immortal eloquence from the mouth of JEHOVAH, in promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, it regarded with equal tenderness and mercy, all the nations, and families, and kindreds of the earth. When it flowed in the prophetic verse of primeval ages, it recognised the return of all the ends of the world, and all the kindreds of the nations, to the delightful service of worshipping the most high God; and was compared to the rain and the snow, which descend by divine command, and is equally sure to accomplish the pleasure of the Lord, in the purpose for which it was sent. When it echoed through the plains of Judea as the burden of an angel's song, and burst in immortal melody upon the ravished senses of astonished shepherds, it excited sentiments of devotional wonder, by bearing the message of "peace on earth and good will towards men," and announcing "good tidings, of great joy which shall be to all people," in the gift and reign of a Saviour. Its invitations to all, and even the vilest of our race, to come and refresh at the fountain of its love, and feast upon the inexhaustible store of its precious dainties establishes the great truth, that with its divine Author, there is no respect of persons. Its mandates, for all men, every where to repent, and to live in the constant and faithful discharge of all the moral and social duties which could promote the most valuable interests of intelligent beings, gives this religion the same divine stamp of impartial goodness. But the most conclusive evidence of its impartial character is afforded by the doctrine of the resurrection, as inculcated by an eminent apostle of our Lord. With him, the resurrection of Jesus was the certain pledge of future existence. He beheld, in the glorious conquest of the Son of God, the grave spoiled of its victory, and the blessing of immortality descending upon the whole family of man. In the transports of pious gratitude, we may exclaim—

*Thrice hail, thou glorious, conquering Prince of light;
The boon of heav'n to man, and God's delight—
Through realms unbounded may thy reign extend,
And heaven and earth in grateful praises blend.*

Like the *wisdom from above*, the gospel of the Son of God is *without partiality, and without hypocrisy*.

We must defer the consideration of the peculiar hopes inspired by this religion for another number.

REPLY TO "ORION."

In the communication of *Orion*, there appears to be no objection that is new in itself, or which has not been answered by some of the Universalist writers. He has not produced any thing which he offers as positive proof of endless misery, notwithstanding the support of that doctrine was the obvious design of the writer.

He commences with calling up the premeditated murder of the *Duellist*, his falling in the contest; and many others who are suddenly removed from the stage of life, and in the midst of a career of wickedness: and suggests, that in case there is no punishment in a future state, all these characters *will escape unpunished*. Orion ought to have recollected that it was punishment in its *positive* form only, which we have insisted was confined to this life; and for the support of our views on this subject, we have offered arguments in reply to *Polemikos* and an *Inquirer*, which we consider of sufficient weight to establish the fact. To these, he ought to have directed his attention, and either to have shown that the arguments were inconclusive, or withheld his objection. But we are perfectly willing to meet his objection in the strongest form it is possible to state it. The only reply which it needs, is, that the Deity is as perfectly able to administer an ample recompense to such characters in an instant of time, as he would be in ten thousand years: And since the scriptures inform us that he will recompense such *in the earth*, there can be no good reason for denying the fact, unless *Orion* has discovered that this portion of the revelation is *untrue*.

Our correspondent professes to be ignorant of the evidences in support of an intermediate state, and that there will be different degrees of enjoyment between the dissolution of the body and the resurrection. We refer him to the evidences and arguments on this subject, pages 22, 23, 46, 47, 50, 54, 55, of the Telescope; which, when he has seriously weighed, he will be better able to judge whether the non-discovery of this sentiment is not the fault of his inattention.

This writer tells us that "the justice of punishment is founded on the desert of the punished. God can, therefore, *justly* punish, without having in view either the reform of the one punished, or the good of others."

This statement may, at first sight, appear very plausible to the reader; but by examining it carefully, we shall find it at best but a very imperfect view of the case. It is indeed a truth to which all will readily assent, that God never inflicts punishment upon the creature unless his conduct has been such as to deserve the correction which he administers: But this fact by no means accounts for the design to be effected by such punishment.—If we would rightly understand this subject, we must trace it further back; and in so doing we shall discover that the right of inflicting punishment is predicated upon the authority of the law; and consequently, all inflictions unauthorized by the law must be viewed as *unjust* and *vindictive*. The question now to be decided, is, what kind of punishments does the law authorize? We can arrive at a correct solution of this inquiry by examining into the design to be accomplished by the institution of the law. Every law that originates in wisdom and goodness must

have for its object the welfare of the community, for the government of which the law was instituted.—Any thing short of this would designate the law as arbitrary and unjust. If its object be the welfare of the community, it cannot be incumbered with penalties infinitely injurious to any part of that community. The most detestable tyrant that ever disgraced the history of our common nature, never instituted a law by which he did not design to benefit any of his subjects—nor did he ever issue an edict, bad as human beings are, with a design to entail misery on any of his subjects, but for a limited time : And are the laws of Heaven of a character infinitely worse and more inauspicious to the welfare of the subject, than those of the most abominable tyrant ? The laws of Deity were not instituted to render him more happy ; nor can the obedience or disobedience of man, in the least degree affect the condition of the Creator. Therefore, to annex unlimited consequences to the transgression of his law would render the law itself an infinite curse to man instead of a blessing ! That the law of God is a rule, directing the course of conduct of intelligent beings in such a manner as to enlarge their capacities for moral enjoyment, is a position which will not be denied. Its character is clearly signified by its numerous requirements, all demanding a sincere conformity to truth and benevolence, and directing the creature to do unto others, in all cases, as he would they should do unto him : and thus to overcome evil with good. The pious Psalmist, when describing the character and office of this law, has the following language—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." To say, therefore, that this same law, which requires the holy and pure exercise of *love* to God and *charity* to all men, and which is fitted to *enlarge* the mind for moral enjoyment, and whose office is the *conversion* of the soul, requires the endless suffering of its own subjects, is as gross a misrepresentation of its real character and design, as it would be of the character and design of the Son of God, to assert that he came not into the world to *save*, but to *destroy* the world ! We venture to assert, and without the fear of contradiction, that there is not a syllable in all the law of God, or in any of its penalties, which either expresses or implies the doctrine of unlimited punishment. Let our opposers show us that such punishment is threatened by the law of God, and we promise to renounce our present sentiments.

Punishment cannot be endless, because this would subvert its design, which is clearly revealed in the scriptures of truth. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth—even as a father the son in whom he delighteth—No chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless, it afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." Besides these testimonies, it is proper to observe, that the original word, *KOLASIS*, or *KOLASIN*, from *KOLAZO*, and which are rendered *punishment* in our translation, in their primary meaning signify *to restrain*. Therefore, the primary signification of the word punishment, as well as the revealed design of that punish-

ment, excludes the possibility of its endless perpetuity.

Our correspondent has simply reiterated the declaration of the Rev. Mr. Fisk, in the following sentence, though without giving credit to that Rev. gentleman for the same :—"We, sir, *do* know that God does not reward every man *according to his works* in this world." Having, as we think, fully shown the incorrectness and absurdity of this declaration, in No. 32, of the Telescope, we refer our readers to that number for an ample refutation of this *bare assertion*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ILLUSTRATION.

"The sower soweth the word."

The great variety of figures, borrowed by the biblical writers from the kingdom of nature, clearly evinces their aptitude to communicate religious instruction, and bring forcibly to mind the pertinent declaration of the apostle—"The invisible things of him (God,) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made ; even his eternal power and Godhead."

The figures which they selected are admirably adapted to the smallest capacity, where the faculty of moral intelligence is in exercise, while they serve to communicate the richest evangelical instruction to the mind.

To the noble and useful art of husbandry, which was a familiar, and doubtless a favourite employment of the age, the great Redeemer had frequent recourse, in order to instruct the multitude, and fortify the minds of his disciples against the numerous discouragements under which they would be called to labour in the duties of evangelical faithfulness. Hence he selected the striking metaphor of the husbandman, casting the precious grain into the earth, with the cheering expectation of a future plenteous harvest to reward the toilsome hours of laborious industry.

The explanation of this parable naturally leads us to some reflections upon the character of the *Sower* here mentioned ;—the quality of the seed, and the labour bestowed in casting it forth,—and the field in which the seed is sown, together with the variety of appearances, indicating the success of the undertaking.

As if desirous of conferring a peculiar honour upon the useful employment of the husbandman, the Saviour of the world assumes the character of a *sower* of seed. For wisdom, no country or age could boast his equal. The wisdom of Solomon, so much famed in holy writ, sinks and degenerates into intellectual weakness, on a comparison with that of the great Prophet and Highpriest of our profession.

Do we consider his mission—it is from the Imperial court of Heaven ; and thence he is charged with the salvation of a world ! The conclusion therefore follows of necessity, that his power must infinitely transcend the utmost stretch of human conception.

His benevolence is such as to render him an object of unspeakable admiration, and emphatically to designate him the friend and benefactor of sinners.

The general character of the labours of the Son of God clearly evince a combination of the most ex-

alted prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice, faithfulness and truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

The mutability of all things here below is continually reminding us and all our race, that we have here, no abiding place, no continuing city : that the places which now know us will soon know us no more for ever. Friends and connexions, our wives and our little ones sicken and die, and are borne away from our sight ; our riches take wings and fly away : flood and fire continually remind us, that all things below the skies are transitory and fading, and even the House of Prayer, erected with great toil and expense, "is burned with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." These things should cause us to look beyond this scene, to place our confidence in the *living and true* God ; to exercise patience and resignation to the allotments of divine providence ; to be continually in preparation for all things that await us, to trust implicitly in an overruling Providence, and we shall not fear : to believe that no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby ; remembering that our heavenly Father doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. Few are the days assigned us here ; and our duty, if properly discharged, to God, our neighbour and ourselves, with a firm reliance on the mercy of our heavenly Father, as manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ ; being determined as far as our frailties will permit to walk as he also walked, will enable us to bear all, and every adverse scene, with becoming resignation ; and in prosperity we shall not be puffed up with pride nor look down with contempt upon our fellow-worms.

We shall not rejoice, most certainly we shall not, at the calamities of our fellow-men, if we are disciples of Jesus Christ, if his life and conduct be kept in view ; for he wept at the grave of Lazarus, and he always seemed affected with misfortune, see it in whatever form he could. We are also commanded to weep with those who weep, as well as to rejoice with those who rejoice. Let us therefore lay aside every weight and the sin (*unbelief*) which doth so easily beset us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame.—Few if any religious Societies have experienced more and greater prosperity than the Universalist Society in this town : We have also now had to experience a change of scene, caused by the conflagration of our House of Prayer. May we be grateful still, believing that all will issue in his glory and our good. Let us go on our way rejoicing, doing our duty to God and man, and the anticipation that ere long another House will be reared and dedicated to the God of the whole earth, should excite our gratitude to the Father of spirits, who has disposed so many to do as they would be done by in an exchange of circumstances, and who undoubtedly are influenced by that rule of the Saviour, "Whatsoever ye

would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."—"Let brotherly love continue"—May bitterness and wrath and evil speaking never disturb our repose, or the repose of others. To those who have sought to injure us (if there be any) we pray their minds may be enlightened;—to those who say they cannot wish us prosperity in our undertaking to rebuild our house of worship, we beg them to hear and read for themselves the sentiments which we advocate;—to all we say, "let charity have her perfect work."

BEREAN.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

CREATION, PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

If we survey the vast expanse
Of the bright arch above;
Or if to earth our eyes we glance,
All tell us "God is Love."

Creation speaks his goodness loud,
In ev'ry tree and flow'r,
And when the billows roar most proud,
There's mercy mix'd with pow'r.

But in his Providence and Grace,
More luminous the view;
'Tis there his lenient hand we trace,
And find him ever true.

Though clouds arise and tempests roar,
They're for the gen'ral good,
And though afflictions on us pour,
They're right, when understood.

His promises are ever sure,
And He is still the same;
Then may we all his will endure,
And all, his love proclaim.

ELIZA.

SELECTIONS.

From the Bucks County Patriot, April 18.

EXTRACT FROM THE

CONFESSIONS OF A PIRATE.

"The pirates were continually importuning me to drink with them, and it was only by threats that they prevailed. This scene of drunkenness continued all the afternoon, and by night I was so completely intoxicated as to be unable to remember any thing that occurred. In the morning the pirates shaped their course for Thompson's Island, and with a breeze that sprung up at the time, soon landed. Here they renewed their frolics, and continued them without intermission for a week. In all their drinkings I was obliged to participate; so that when we left the Island, such was the effect of the constant introduction of spirituous liquors into my system, that I felt much more hardened and willing to embark in their enterprises than before. The constant, demoralizing intercourse with them only strengthened me in my growing partiality for their course of life, and as my compunctions subsided, I determined to signalize myself. That the laws of nations were violated I knew, but thought not of, nor cared about, the consequences. I had overcome the prejudices of education—I had forgotten my obligations to God and to my fellow-creatures, and plunged headlong into the depths of wickedness. My companions perceiving the alacrity with which I obeyed their orders, took especial notice of me. This, while it flattered my

vanity, served to encourage me in my newly formed resolution of outrage and murder.

On the 22d of August, 1821, we sailed for Cape Antonio. After cruising about for a day or two, on the 28th we spied a sail. Chase being immediately given, we soon came alongside of her. We boarded and robbed her of every thing of value she possessed. I can recollect perfectly well the name upon her stern; it was *Clarissa Ann*, and her captain's name was *Green*. Where she belonged I know not. She was richly freighted with dry goods, of which we plundered her to the value of *twenty thousand dollars*, and suffered her to proceed. Although no lives were taken, yet the threats and language we used were shocking.

A few hours afterward, we saw another sail; we gave her chase also, and robbed her of *five thousand dollars* in specie.

In this lawless way of living we cruised along the coast for several weeks—Innumerable vessels were captured—their cargoes taken out and sold at the Havana. If the authorities of the place interfered, it was in so dilatory and ineffectual a manner as to create no alarm among us. They were restrained from throwing impediments in our way, by the fear of assassination, or by their eagerness to share the spoil, of which they partook largely in the form of bribes and douceurs. The facilities which this relaxed system of police afforded, were such as enabled us to carry on our infamous schemes with impunity in open day. If a private citizen complained of any of these outrages, he was secretly murdered, and there the matter ended. We frequently watched for the sailing of vessels, pursued and robbed them of all their valuables. If any resistance was made, the crew were instantly put to death, some by shooting, others by burning, and by the most horrible tortures we could inflict. Although the goods taken were recognised the moment they reached Havana, yet no one dared to interrupt us. We had become too powerful a body to be resisted, and our numerous secret instigators only assisted to turn aside the punishment we so justly deserved. With society in such a state, where every one was eagerly grasping at gold, no matter by what means it was to be acquired, it is no wonder that our plans of robbery and murder were so systematic and successful. Immense sums of money were divided among the crew, and we lavished it as soon as it was received, in drunkenness, rioting, or some other brutalizing species of debauchery. For my part, I accepted but a small portion of what fell to my share, but gave the greater part of it to my comrades. Money was not my desire. This liberality procured me many friends among the crew, and, though I did not look for honour among thieves, yet I hoped that even their savage friendship might be some advantage to me. I secured it by being a constant attendant of all their midnight revels, and indulging in the same dreadful excess. Frequently I have escaped within a hair's breadth with my life. More than once have I seen the glittering stiletto slowly and cautiously drawn by the reeling savage at my side, while the fiend-like expression of his eye told me too well for whom its thrust was intended! The beastly manner in which these men became intoxicated deranged them, for he who would secretly drive his poinard to my heart when alone or with his insensible companions, would, when free from the effect of liquor, grasp me by the hand with real friendship.

We continued to live in this dissipated manner until all our money was expended. The prodigal life we led soon dissipated it, and the next thought was to sally out for more. After a night spent in drunkenness beyond all imagining, we assembled in a public house, and fixed upon our plan of proceeding. We determined to sail in two days. Our arms were put in order and our magazine replenished with powder. It was nearly the middle of September when we sailed upon our last marauding expedition. We continued on the ocean several days without meeting any vessel that we deemed prudent to at-

tack. As we altered our course toward the scene of all our outrages, Cape Antonio, and had become impatient for some new plunder, we were startled by the dark and gloomy appearance of the heavens, which threatened us with a tempest. As the afternoon passed, the wind gradually increased. Our sails were properly disposed, in expectation of a heavy blow, when a sailor from the mast-head announced a vessel in sight. All eyes were eagerly bent to catch the first glimpse of her as she neared us from the main ocean. She was soon discovered to be a ship richly freighted and under full sail. The wind was now so high and the sea so rough, together with the approach of night, which had already begun to darken the waters, that we hesitated whether to attack her. We now tacked, and as the schooner passed within pistol shot across her stern, I raised a glass to ascertain her name. I could read nothing but the word "*PHILADELPHIA*." The blood rushed to my heart, and sent it with a feeling of suffocation to my throat. For the first time since my being a Pirate I wished to be again at home. The scenes of my childhood—my father—my mother—my poor broken-hearted mother—broken-hearted by my unfeeling absence—my sister—and last, and more endearing than all, the image of my angel Mary, came thronging before me in distracting supplication. I felt deeply but uselessly, the happiness I had wantonly forsaken—I felt too how ignominy would attach to me, and that scorn would point her finger at me until I reached my grave.—In that single pause I gathered more experience than the whole of my former life had taught me. I was roused from the indulgence of these happy recollections by a glass of gin thrust rudely to my lips by a sailor who held a bucket of the same drink in his hand, and who had been serving the crew, desiring me to empty it. I swallowed it at a single draught, and as I drained the last burning drop, perceived that we were bearing down upon the ship. The crew were all armed with pistols, dirks, and boarding pikes. In spite of the darkness which now enveloped us, we prepared for the attack. The helmsman, deceived by the darkness of the night and the roaring of the storm, brought the schooner broadside up against the ship, with a tremendous crash that scattered the broken fragments of the bulwark on our deck. Two men immediately grappled to the ship, while the rest jumped aboard. We were all intoxicated—little mercy was therefore to be expected. Alarmed by the noise on deck, the captain with several passengers rushed out of the cabin entirely unarmed. They were immediately secured, and their money demanded. With the assistance of one of our body, I seized and tied one to the windlass. It was so extremely dark that we could discern nothing distinctly, and our lights were blown out by the wind the moment they were procured. I placed a small cord round the neck of my prisoner, and ordered him to deliver his money, or to confess where it was concealed, on pain of instant death.—"Heavens! whose voice do I hear?" he exclaimed; and I fancied I recognised his own. I drew the cord tighter round his throat, and a confused, suffocating sound issued from him. I loosened it, and repeated my demand. His head fell upon my shoulder as though he had fainted, and he made no reply.

I heard a violent scuffling in the after part of the vessel, in which several shots were fired. Two men grappling desperately with each other, staggered toward me—the vessel rolled nearly on her beam ends, shipped a heavy sea, and they were both washed overboard! I heard their piteous shrieks for help borne back upon the increasing gale, till they became fainter, and fainter, and at last ceased altogether. I sprang from the windlass, intending to procure a light to examine my taciturn companion, on whom I was determined to wreak a fearful revenge. I stumbled over a dead body and fell; our captain raised me up instantly, and taking me for one of his antagonists, threw me over the gunnel to which the schooner was secured—I rolled like a log

among the mass of rigging on her deck, for the liquor I had drunk nearly stupified me. I rushed into the cabin, seized a dead lantern already lighted, and in a moment was beside my prisoner with a loaded pistol in my hand. The wind by this time blew a perfect hurricane. The ship rolled violently, and with an awful crash the mizenmast went by the board. I raised the lantern to his face—opened the door, heavens! and the light shone upon the face—of—Mary's father! A dagger seemed shooting through my heart. I staggered—reeled, and fell! I remember nothing further than a dim, horrible sound of water in my ears, and an agonized, choking, suffocating sensation. It seemed as if the huge, straining, creaking mass of timber was upon me, bearing me down deep into ocean and eternity!

When I opened my eyes, a dreadful, terrible convulsion passed across my frame. I felt the dark unutterable agonies of the damned. Strange forms flitted before my imagination. I looked around me and found myself upon the sea-shore. The ocean was heaving high and boisterous with the storm which had now subsided. The shore was strewn with fragments of some shipwrecked vessel, and several bodies lay upon the beach. I found it difficult to convince myself that I was yet alive. But the sun shone bright above me—I felt the sand on which I had been thrown by the waves—I heard the dashing of the ocean—and the bruised condition of my body told me that I must even be mortal. When I collected strength sufficient, I examined the bodies which had been left by the retreating surf. Several of them I recognised—the fragments belonged to the schooner only; this was a cordial to my heart. I gathered some of them together and built a fire. I knew not upon what part of the world I was; whether it was inhabited or desolate. I endeavoured to recollect the events of the preceding night, but they were only as the impressions of a dim, unfathomable, indistinct dream. I saw the image of my dear and gentle Mary, and then I beheld her father pinioned to the windlass! The thought alone was madness. I could not chase it from me. I felt a delirium coming over me, and laid down upon the beach. How long I slept I know not; but a hand raising my own from my side aroused me. Two men were standing by. They raised me and carried me to a boat that was fastened to the beach. A ship lay to, a short distance off.—The fire I had kindled was still burning—it had doubtless attracted their attention. They placed me in the boat, and forcing her through the dangerous surf, were soon on board their vessel. My situation needed medical treatment, and it was humanely rendered till my health was established. I was landed at New-Orleans, my condition deeply commiserated by the honest crew. Had they but known how infamous a wretch they nourished, how would they have turned from me with horror!

I left New-Orleans immediately. Being furnished with a purse of dollars by the captain who had saved my worthless life, I made my way directly for Philadelphia. My first inquiries were for Mr. P——. I dared not face my family nor his, for I was uncertain whether he had recognised me as a pirate. I believed he had, and if so, my hopes of happiness were ended. I learned, however, from the public papers, his arrival in New-Orleans. Heavens! what a load it was from my heart. I passed Mary in the street. She looked at me, and, I thought, knew me in spite of my disguise. My heart leaped to greet her, but the scorching brand of conscious infamy prevented me.—The attack on Mr. P——'s vessel was noised in the public prints. Rumour stated the loss of the Pirate schooner in a storm.

I was one evening sitting alone in the bar-room of an obscure inn, mourning over my wretched condition, when the door opened, and Mr. P—— stood before me. I was thunderstruck, and could not move. He held out his hand in the most affectionate manner, and addressed me by name. My heart was ready to burst. Such goodness seemed more than human—it was so. He briefly related the cir-

cumstances of the capture, and of his recognising me. He knew my voice, and the shock to his feelings was so great as to render him insensible. But oh! how great and unexpected my delight, when he told me that the secret lay between ourselves! He added, that so far as he was interested, it should remain so for ever.

It is now a twelvemonth since I was received with open arms into the bosom of my family. But, surrounded as I am by every blessing which can render man contented, I yet feel a worm gnawing at my heart. Time may possibly dim the recollection of these upbraiding crimes, but a virtuous death can only relieve the tortured conscience of a Pirate.

INTOLERANCE.

Every species of intolerance which enjoins suppression and silence, and every species of persecution which enforces such injunctions, is adverse to the progress of truth; forasmuch as it causes that to be fixed by one set of men, at one time, which is much better and with much more probability of success, left to the independent and progressive inquiries of separate individuals. Truth results from discussion and from controversy—is investigated by the labors and researches of private persons. Whatever, therefore, prohibits these, obstructs that industry and that liberty, which it is the common interest of mankind to promote. Persecution produces no sincere conviction, nor any real change of opinion. On the contrary, it vitiates the public morals by driving men to prevarication, and commonly ends in a general, though secret, infidelity, by imposing, under the name of revealed religion, systems of doctrine which men cannot believe and dare not examine.

A. PALEY.

A SUMMER'S MORN.

Sweet the beams of rosy morning,
Silent chasing gloom away;
Lovely tints the sky adorning,
Harbingers of op'ning day!
See the king of day appearing;
Slow his progress and serene;
Soon I feel the influence cheering
Of this grand and lovely scene!
Lovely songsters join their voices,
Harmony the grove pervades;
All in nature now rejoices,
Light and joy succeed the shades.
Stars withdraw, and man arises,
To his labor cheerful goes;
Day's returning blessings prizes,
And in praise his pleasure shows.
May each morn, that in succession,
Adds new mercies ever flowing,
Leave a strong and deep impression
Of my debt for ever growing!
Debt of love, ah! how increasing!
Days and years fresh blessings bring,
But my praise shall flow unceasing,
And my Maker's love I'll sing!

SORROW.

O sacred sorrow, by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Ballou, of Boston, is expected to preach at the Town-House to-morrow, 12th instant, morning and afternoon, on exchange with the Editor—Also, on Sabbath, 19th instant, the Rev. Mr. Dean of Boston is expected on a similar exchange.

MARRIED,

In this town, 30th ult. by Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Thomas Francis, formerly of Boston, to Miss Polly Harvey, of this town.

On Tuesday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Philip J. Brandt, of Troy, N. Y. to Miss Margaret D. Brown, daughter of the late Capt. Wm. S. Brown, of this town.

In Pawtucket, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Arnold Irons, of Providence, to Miss Fanny Salisbury, of Pawtucket.

DIED,

In this town, 2d inst. Mr. John Westcott, in the 69th year of his age.

On Saturday last, after an illness of only four days, Mr. Thomas Hartshorn, aged 44 years. He was well known as the proprietor for many years of an extensive Livery Stable in this town.

On Monday last, Mrs. Sarah A. Bucklin, wife of Mr. George Bucklin, in her 32d year.

On Friday, 3d inst. Samuel Greene, infant son of Mr. Giles S. Greene, aged 8 months and 17 days.

On Wednesday morning, Almira Taft, only daughter of Mr. Whiting Metcalf, aged 18 months and 27 days.

OBITUARY.

On the 1st inst. in Pomfret (Con.) Mr. ITHMAR MAY, aged 71 years. A widow and six children are left to mourn the loss of one whose life and conduct bore testimony to the purity and sincerity of a christian faith which embraced all mankind as the subjects of God's boundless love, and unlimited salvation. Mr. May's faith in the doctrine of Universalism continued unshaken, as long as he was blessed with the exercise of his rational powers. The virtues and christian benevolence of the deceased will be had in long remembrance, by his family, his neighbours, and numerous acquaintance. In the death of this worthy member of society, the public are furnished with another instance, proving that Universalism is good, not only in life, but also in the solemn and trying hour of death.

W.

FANCY JOB PRINTING,

☞ Neatly executed at this Office, at short notice, and on favourable terms.

For sale at this Office, and by S. W. Wheeler,
AN ADDRESS, delivered before Mount-Vernon Lodge, at their annual election, Feb. 22, 1825.—By DAVID PICKERING.

☞ New subscribers for the TELESCOPE can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at \$1 50 per year, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.

☞ All communications for the TELESCOPE must be addressed to the Editor, and post paid.